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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

"GOD WITH US."

Wearied with earthly struggle and resistance,
Needing Thy "present help," all freely given,
Why do we pray to Thee through doubt and distance,
Father who art in heaven?"

"Who art in heaven!" Art Thou not all about us?
Art Thou not known and felt, where'er we are?
Oh, leave us not among the feeble doubters
Who love Thee from afar!

Leave us not in the blindness, loving Hearer,
Which loses Thee, alien and stranger, thus;
Give us the strong, true faith, that sees Thee nearer,
And prays to "God with us!"

"Thy kingdom come!" whose kingdom is the present?
Whose, if not thine? Does it now own Thy sway?
Or is Thy might a pale, imperfect crescent
Gaining from day to day.

"Thy will be done on earth as now in heaven!"
Whose will shall limit Thine, or make demur?
By whom unto Thee shall thine own be given,
Former and Finisher?

"Lead us not into temptation!" Does Thou lead us
Into these strifes for fame, and power, and pelf,
And canst Thou change? Canst Thou forget to heed us,
Or lead us from Thyself?

"Thine is the kingdom!" Worlds repeat the story
Through countless aeons, as in the days of yore;
Thine is the power, the kingdom and the glory,
Now and evermore.

—Elizabeth Akers.

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Bishop of Stepney is of opinion that the Jew's love of money is due partly to the terror which had come upon him through the age-long hunting of him by other races. He hoarded because others thieved an espoiled him, and he never knew when he might be stranded, therefore in utter destitution.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor and Teachers' College have entered into an arrangement by which cooking and diatetics will be taught in the poor families of that city next year. In the college there will be a course on the practical application of domestic science in social work, and as a part of that course students will be required to work, in the manner indicated, in the tenements under the direction of the teachers.

Writing in The American Magazine on "The Godlessness of New York," Ray Stannard Baker says: "The churches are more interested in being Baptists, or Presbyterians, or Lutherans, than they are in reaching the people." In that connection he remarks that New York is "overchurched and underworked," and asks, "Can the Protestant Churches, divided among themselves, full of the pride of tradition, and rich in worldly possessions, ever rise to the situation?" Some time ago we came to the conclusion that the churches can never do the work they are called to do until in a thoroughly federated way they carry on religious work in our cities and towns on a plan somewhat similar to that on which our public schools are conducted. The non-essentials will be set aside sometime and the church will face their problems in the business-like manner which modern times demands. Until that time the indictment, overchurched and underworked, will apply almost without exception all over our land.

One of the greatest monopolies in the United States is the National Cash Register of Dayton, Ohio. It has driven out all competition, and now seeks to further continue its monopolistic advantages by a high duty. Like all other trusts and monopolies it has its personal representatives on the floor of the United States Senate and has fair promise of securing thirty per cent ad valorem. Senator Beveridge of Indiana is of opinion that cash registers should be on the free list and has been working earnestly to get at least a compromise on fifteen per cent. The number 451 register is sold in the United States for $250; it is sold in England for $136. The number 452, which is sold in this country for $300 is sold in England for $150. There are more than 500,000 cash registers in the United States now, and the demand is constantly increasing. The sales each year now amount to about $10,000,000. The two senators from Ohio stand for the 30 per cent duty recommended by the finance committee. One needs only to study the proceedings in congress these days to be brought to the conclusion that that body is not so constituted as to give the tariff measure the consideration which the interests of the people demand.

The New York Post speaks of the result in the trial of Mr. Patrick Calhoun of San Francisco as a national disappointment. The disappointment is in the fact that the jury could not arrive at an agreement. The comment of the Post is in part as follows: "That a defendant whose case in court had occupied nearly five months, could be neither convicted nor acquitted in the end, is, as the presiding judge remarked, a deplorable event which should lead Americans everywhere to look to their methods of criminal prosecution. This San Francisco trial was, to be sure, hedged about by unusual difficulties. Public feeling had been inflamed; there were the sharpest differences of opinion in the community, making the selection of an impartial and competent jury almost impossible, and the whole contest had too much resolved itself into a battle between powerful interests. The long weeks spent in sifting the talesmen, showed how general was the belief that getting the jury "right" was more important than the presentation of evidence. But over and above all this was the ominous fact that, as Judge Lawlor said, the criminal statutes and judicial decisions of California had been made an intricate maze of subtleties and uncertainties, directly inviting such a fiasco as has now followed. The lesson is one that should be taken to heart in all the States. Until our criminal procedure is simplified and purified, there is little chance of convicting a rich and resourceful man higher up, or even of making sure that, in ordinary cases, there shall not be a miscarriage of justice.

More than one-half of the graduates of West Point since its establishment in 1802 have entered civil life. In the commencement day address this year Secretary of War Dickinson said: "It has given to our country one president of the United States, one president of the Confederate States; three presidential candidates, one embassador, fourteen ministers plenipotentiary, twenty-seven members of the United States Senate and House, eight presidential electors, sixteen governors of States and Territories, one bishop, fourteen judges, seventeen mayors of cities, forty-six presidents and fourteen regents and chancellors of colleges and universities, fourteen chief engineers of States, eighty-seven presidents of railroads and corporations, sixty-three chief engineers of railroads and public works, eight bank presidents, two hundred attorneys and counsellors at law, twenty clergymen, fourteen physicians, one hundred and twenty-two merchants; seventy-seven manufacturers, thirty editors, one hundred and seventy-nine authors, besides artists, architects, farmers, planters, and many others belonging to useful trades and professions. In addition it claims one among the few American delegates to the first Hague Conference; one upon the arbitration conference that settled the promising little misunderstanding between Eng-

land and Russia; two out of seven to the recent Hague Conference. Three of its alumni are in charge of the greatest engineering work of history—the Panama Canal; and one is reorganizing the police force of the second city in the world." The graduating class at West Point numbered 103 this year, two of the number being Chinese and one a Hawaiian.

CHRIST THE FINAL WORD.

Raymond C. Brooks.

"I am the light of the world."—John 8:12.

In the simplest but most unmistakable manner Christ claimed to be the religious ultimatum, the goal, the final expression of certain things, not for his own people simply, or for his own time, but for all peoples and for all times. Beyond him in certain directions, nothing is to be seen. In his presence all other lights pale, all other words are to be tested by his words, all other life brought to his life as the touchstone. All this seems to be implied when he said, "I am the light of the world."

If this world stood by itself, we might put it down as the exaggeration of an over-enthusiastic disciple, or we might put it by the side of the words spoken by the Master to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." But it does not stand alone, it, judged by what he said to his disciples would be like sunlight by the pale reflection of the moon or by the light of a dim candle. The moonlight is a very inadequate expression of the light of the sun. Indeed to understand the moonlight at all we must first understand something of the sun, the source from which its light comes.

Now if this be true, certain things are settled for all time and we can build upon them, confident that they will abide as we are that tomorrow, two and two will be four, the same as today, and that a straight line will be the shortest distance between two points." Why sing, "How Firm a Foundation," and then talk and live as though there were no foundations, as if all were uncertain or at best only probable. Foundations are not simply to be sung about and prayed about, but they are to be built upon. Well, then, what are the foundations upon which we may build our lives or rather where has Christ spoken the final word, beyond which no other word can go, by which all other words are to be tested.

Final Word.

Christ has spoken the final word in four different realms, the moral, the social, the intellectual and the spiritual. Let us follow him as we may inquire into these four realms this morning and ask, in each of these two questions, what is the final word, and how do we know it is final. First in the moral realm, what has his word been? "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." You say that is religion, so it is. Christ does not separate them. They can not be separated, that is final. True religion and true morality are inseparable.

Religion without morality is superstition, a ghost without a body. Morality without religion is lifeless, heartless, a body without a spirit. This is the final word in the moral realm, "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." There is only one final standard for the moral life of man, the perfection of God. There are not two sorts of goodness, one for the churchman and one for the man outside the church. There is only one standard the world over. It is no worse for a church member to cheat than for one who isn't, neither is it any better. There is no more excuse for one who has never set foot inside a church than for any saint who spends his days going to church. There is only one thing that deserves to be called goodness the world over. "Why call ye me good?" said the Master. "There is none good but one, that is God." There are not two sorts of righteousness, one for God and one for man.

The prophet was right when he called our righteousness "filthy rags." What petty measurements we accept! Lift your eyes to the High and Holy One who inhabits eternity. Our moral life must be measured by the moral life of God.

How do we know this is final? How do we know that light is better than darkness, that truth is better than falsehood, that love is better than hate? It is the final word for our souls, because nothing can go beyond it. "Be ye perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect." In so far as our lives approach this they are moral, they are Godlike. In so far as they fall below it they are immoral, and are Godless. Is there then nothing left for you to do in the moral realm?

But then there is another way in which God spoke the final word when he said, "Follow me." "Come unto me," and "I am the light of the world." Not only are his words final, but he is final, he is the only adequate commentary upon his own words. Where does he fall short? Not only is he supreme in the moral realm but he is final, he is ideal. Make your conception of the life of man as high as you can and he more than matches it. Our lives are moral as they are Christlike. This is the judgment seat of God—the character of Christ Jesus, and you are not done with life until you are brought before that throne of judgment.

Secondly Christ has the final word in the social realm. What is it? "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." We will let the second part go for the present. It is a command, it is the final, absolute word. Beyond it there is nothing to say, it waits to be done.

It waits to be done by the church members who have nothing to do with their neighbors, who pass by on the other side of trouble, who serenely walk the straight and narrow way and are content. It waits to be done by employers who get all they can from their employees and give as little as they can, who live to make money out of the misfortunes of others. It waits to be done by employees, who skimp their work, who cheat in the matter of time. It waits to be done by men and women in society, who vie with each other in such unwholesome and ungodly fashion in the matter of dress, houses and other matters equally trivial. It waits to be done by men and women of education, who go out into the world to make money and seek pleasures, regardless of all other interests. It waits to be done by men and women who are glad to share in the privileges of the church and school, and state but do not bear a part of the responsibilities.

Where is the life it does not touch with its clear, unmistakable demands? It is the final word in the social realm. Beyond it nothing can be said. This side of it there are a thousand words urged as substitutes, but not one of them is satisfactory.

The Test.

But how are we to know that this is final? Put it to the test. If each employer would do what is right by his employees in the spirit of love, and if each employee would be faithful to his employer in the same spirit, there would be no labor problems; there would be no complaint about

the unequal distribution of wealth; there would be no strikes nor boycotts nor labor unions, nor citizens' alliances; at least the objectionable features would all be removed. They would all be settled for the spirit of love is the spirit of wisdom.

"Does that seem like an off-hand way of dispensing with serious problems, a vain repetition of the old proverb, "Be good and you will be happy." Well, it is neither of the kind. There is no quick and easy solution of evils that are so deeply entrenched. Not half so quick as the expedient prepared by political parties and yellow journals, but they do not work. The regeneration of society must proceed from within, out. All efforts to change social conditions from without are but makeshifts. Be a good teacher, a good merchant, a good mechanic, a good mother, and at length the world will become good all around. Here is the final word in the social realm. Pause a moment for the rest of the passage—"as I have loved you." Again not only is Jesus' word final but he is final. What He was, is the final indication of what we must be in the social world.

And again Jesus has the final word in the intellectual realm. Here it is easy to be misunderstood. Perhaps it is not easy to be understood, but let me say again as clear as I know how, Jesus has spoken the final word in the intellectual realm. Where is it? It is to be found in certain great ideas for which he is sponsor. Words beyond which the mind of man can not venture, but which are final and absolute.

Here are four of them: his idea of God the father of mankind, of the kingdom of God into which men shall come from the east and west, from the north and south and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; his idea of eternal life, a life so under the favor of eternal verities that it is eternal, and his idea of the spirit and final authority of Christian experience, in the life of believers. I do not mean to say that our interpretation of the ideas are final but that the ideas as Jesus set them forth are final. We have not time to stop on each of them, let us take the first for example, his idea of God.

God as King.

For centuries theology in some circles was governed by the idea of God as king, and so he is. It is absolutely necessary to any thought of Deity that we should think of him as sovereign. But the idea of sovereignty was taken from the father of the family. This idea colored all theology as it must of necessity, for the thought of God is the determining factor in thought and life. Such an idea of God, however influential it might be for generations or centuries, cannot be final, because it calls for a change in the nature of the changeless God.

"But it is not so with Jesus' idea of God as the father of mankind. No one can possibly go beyond that thought. His whole theology can be read in terms of God's fatherhood and it becomes entirely reasonable and persuasive.

Finally Christ is the final word in the spiritual realm. As already suggested, it is not easy to separate the spiritual from the moral. The spiritual is to the moral what the full moon is to the dawning day; what the full bloomed rose is to the plant on which it grows and what the full-ordered man is to the boy. One can never become spiritual without being thoroughly and genuinely moral, neither can one live a life that is entirely above reproach, strictly moral without wakening the desire for something more than that. The spiritual life is the moral life kindled by the highest motives, governed by the highest purposes, guided by the largest love. It is the life born from above.

Do not be surprised then that the word which is final here is the same that is final elsewhere. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength." Here again Christ not only spoke the final but he is the final word. No one can think seriously of the life of Jesus without wanting to be like him. He is the final word of God to us in the realm of the spirit.

"I am the light of the world." To live in that light each day, to be ever thinking in it, to make our choices in it, to breathe the clear atmosphere of his broad faith, to commit without a fear all our intents to his wisdom, will it not bring us his peace, his purity, and at length something of his power to heal?

So runs the promise, "It does not appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him."

SOME EXPERIENCES AS AN ASTRONOMER.

Professor E. E. Barnard, D.S.C.

I can recall when I was a child lying out in the open air in an old wagon bed, flat on my back on pleasant summer nights, watching the stars. I soon knew the sky thoroughly as they came and went. When they came around again, I would recognize the various groups of the brighter stars, though the names of these stars and what they really were did not come to my knowledge until much later in life. It was as if one might frequently visit a forest, where he would become familiar with many of the principal trees without knowing that this or that one was a walnut or a hickory or a maple. You would get to know these trees of the forest and to love them, and yet you might not know what kind of tree each one was and by what name it was called. It was thus for a long time I could point to certain stars and tell you that I had known them for many years, but I could not tell you their names, for I had never had any one tell me what they were. I soon saw that a few of them changed their places among the others, but I did not know that they were planets.

Once when I was very small, when as a child I lay out in the night and watched the sky, I saw a comet; and I have a vague remembrance that the neighbors spoke of this comet as having something to do with the terrible war that was then desolating the South.

I got to know the stars so well that when the seasons advanced and they slowly passed from view in the direction of the sun I would miss them as I would have missed a friend; and when they again came around, I welcomed them as I would welcome that friend who had been absent for many months. Even to this day this same friendship with the stars still holds, and I look forward to their return with great pleasure, just as I would in the case of an absent loved one. The coming of the Pleiades, of Orion, or of the Scorpion I hail each year with the welcome of a friend. So my interest in the stars as a child, though it was an unintelligent one, was nevertheless a pleasant one to me and helped to soften the sadness of my childhood. I had longed to know something of the heavens; but the information I got was little and not accurate, and I groped along thus until one night, while poring over some old books on mathematics which I had purchased second-hand and perhaps not wisely, a young man came to my room, where I lived alone in the top story of a high building in this

city. We had been children together, but he was a born thief. As a boy he stole, and when he got older the law often laid its hands upon him. On several occasions I had helped him out from my meager earnings, for my sympathies were easily worked upon. At one time I had paid his fine when a policeman brought him around where I was at work. On this night in particular I was in no mood to be gracious; for he had come to borrow money from me, which I knew from previous experience would never come back. As security for the return of the money he had brought a large book. This I refused to look at; and finally, to get rid of him, I gave him the two dollars (which was the amount asked for). I never saw him or the money again. Shortly after he had gone I noticed that he had left the book lying upon my table. I felt very angry, because the money was a large amount to me then, and it was some time before I would open the book. It proved to be a volume of the works of the Rev. Thomas Dick. The first part of it consisted of sermons on covetousness and gave horrible accounts of the lives of misers. One of these was Edward Nokes, who at his death was found to be possessed of between five and six thousand pounds. "In order to save the expense of shaving he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face to hide in some measure this defect. He never suffered his shirt to be washed in water; but, after wearing it till it became intolerably black, he used to wash it in wine to save the expense of soap." I must have groaned aloud when I saw this. But the greater part of the book was devoted to astronomy; and it was illustrated by, among other things, a number of small charts of the stars, giving their names and how to find them in the sky. These were the first star charts I had ever seen. It was but a few minutes until I was comparing these with the sky from my open window, and in less than an hour I had learned the names of a number of my old friends; for there was Vega and the stars in the Cross of Cygnus and Altair and others that I had known from childhood. That was my first intelligent glimpse into astronomy. It is to be hoped that my sins may be forgiven me for never having sought out the rightful owner of that book in all these long years.

When I was a very small boy, at the age of less than nine years, a position was given me in a photograph gallery. At first it was to keep a large solar camera on the roof always pointed toward the sun for making of enlargements. This was cold work in winter and hot in the summer. Mr. Van Stavoren, the owner, was very kind to me. He had had boys to do this work before, but the hot sun made them sleepy; and there was danger of burning up the house with the heat from the great lens employed, should the instrument not point exactly to the sun. Why I do not know, but my mother had told him that I could be depended upon to keep awake. The proof that I did keep awake is shown by the fact that the house still stands.

On the platform where this instrument stood I made a mark one time at the ringing of the noon bell in the Catholic church near by. To my surprise this mark served only for a short time to tell when noon came, and I soon found that the coming of the shadow to my mark was a variable quantity; for during the year it was sometimes ahead of the church bell and sometimes behind it. As I could not suspect the church bell of being wrong, I decided there must be something wrong with the sun. Thus I had at an early age independently discovered the equation of time.

Times were hard in the last of the seventies and the first of the eighties, and money was scarce. It had taken all that I could save to buy my small telescope. Then came the blessing of taking a partner for life and the renewed struggle to save something with the addition of a cheerful helper in the matter. I had been searching for comets for upward of a year with no success when a prize of two hundred dollars for the discovery of each new comet was offered by the founder of the Warner Observatory, through the urgency of Dr. Lewis Swift, its director. Soon after this it befell that I found a new comet and was awarded this prize. Then came the question, "What shall we do with this money?" After due deliberation it was decided that we would try to get a home of our own with it. I had always longed for such a home, where one could plant trees and watch them grow up and call them his own. So we bought a lot with part of the money. This small lot was on what was afterwards known as Belmont Avenue, but which was then not even a dirt road. It was hard to find the lot after it was bought, for it was out in the open commons. The place was in the midst of a scattering settlement of negro shanties where the negroes had "squatted" after the war, though on beautiful rising ground which I had selected in part because it gave me a clear horizon with my telescope. After some saving and some borrowing and mainly a mortgage on the lot, we built a little frame cottage, where my mother, my wife, and I went to live. Those were happy days, though the struggle for life was a hard one, with working from early to late for the means of a bare existence and the hope of paying off the mortgage, and sitting up all the rest of the twenty-four hours hunting for comets.

We could look forward only with dread to the meeting of the notes that must come due. However, the hand of Providence seemed to hover over our heads; for when the first note came due a faint comet was discovered wandering along the outskirts of creation, and the money went to meet the payments. And this continued after we had gone to other scenes. The faithful comet, like the goose that laid the golden egg, conveniently timed its appearance to coincide with the advent of those dreadful notes. And thus it finally came that this house was built entirely out of comets. This fact goes to prove further the great error of those scientific men who figure out that a comet is but a flimsy affair after all, infinitely more rare than the "breath of the morning;" for here was a strong, compact house—albeit a small one—built entirely of them. True, it took several good-sized comets to do it; but it was done nevertheless.

Some interesting things occurred while we lived in the comet house. One of these had, I believe, much to do with the superstition of our dark neighbors. We decided to raise some chickens as an accessory in living and as a possible additional income. We were warned against this by wiser heads than our own, who lived in a better-protected place than we did. The temptation would be too great for our dusky neighbors to withstand. However, we went ahead, and the chickens thrived and prospered; and not one was stolen. There were various theories to account for this extraordinary state of affairs. One was that I was up all night watching the chickens. Another was that the superstitious negroes had seen me out at night, "communing with the stars," and had concluded that I was some sort of magician or astrologer, and that my intimate knowledge of the stars might make it a dangerous thing to look with envious eyes upon my chickens. And yet another was that, as we lived amongst them, it might bring the theft too near home for safety. Still another—and one that appealed to me as much as any other—was that our kind-

ness to our colored neighbors had gained their respect and consideration. However this may be, it is a fact that our chickens crowed and cackled and "flourished as the green bay tree, with never a thought of the danger that lurks in the night.

Thus things prospered until an opening was generously made for me and my telescope at the Vanderbilt University, where new faces came to bless us with their friendship.

But the story is not yet complete, and the sequel may explain in part which one of the theories was the true one in respect to the immunity of our chickens from the black hand of death. A friend came to live in our house, and ultimately bought it. He was, if anything, a more kind and considerate friend to the colored man than we had been. The luring prospect of raising chickens that would live to herald that blessed moment "when the dappled dawn doth rise" was too great for him, and he not only purchased our chickens but bought others. The result was disastrous; the chickens disappeared mysteriously, and the dawn would see a decimation of stock that was frightful. It got so bad that nothing that had feathers was safe overnight; and it is related—though it is very doubtful if it be true—that one night the feather bed was magically transferred from beneath him even while he slept upon it.

My thoughts must have run strongly on comets during that time, for one night when thoroughly worn out I set my alarm clock and lay down for a short sleep. Possibly it was the noise of the clock that set my wits to work—for they say that in a dream a whole lifetime may pass in review in the single moment of waking—or perhaps it was the presence of that wonderful comet which was then (in October, 1882) gracing the morning skies, or perhaps it was the worry over the mortgage and the hopes of finding another comet or two to wipe it out. Whatever the cause, I had a most wonderful dream. I thought I was looking at the sky, which was filled with comets, long-tailed and short-tailed and with no tails at all. It was a marvelous sight, and I had just begun to gather in the crop when the alarm clock went off and the blessed vision of comets vanished. I took my telescope out in the yard and began sweeping the heavens to the southwest of the great comet in the search for comets. Presently I ran upon a very cometary-looking object where there were no known nebulae. Looking more carefully, I saw several others in the field of view. Moving the telescope about, I found that there must have been ten or fifteen comets at this point within the space of a few degrees. Before dawn killed them out I located six or eight of them. That morning I sent a telegram to Dr. Lewis Swift, notifying him of the discovery of six or eight "comets" at a certain position. Whether he thought I was trying to form a comet trust or had suddenly gone demented has never been clear to me, for he unfortunately did not forward the telegram. The observations were amply verified, however, both in this country and in Europe, by two other observers who saw some of these bodies. Unquestionably they were a group of small comets or fragments that had been disrupted from the great comet face several weeks earlier with the speed of nearly four hunface several weeks earlier with the speed of nealy four hundred miles a second. The association of this dream with the reality has always seemed a strange thing to me.

I was passionately fond of observing the planet Jupiter with my new telescope before I began seeking comets. This telescope, which was on a tripod and could be easily moved about, would be lifted out in the yard, where I could sit and watch Jupiter to my heart's content. We had just moved out to this place, which was not far from the Vanderbilt University; but it was rather lonely, with but one neighbor near. My telescope was supplied with a diagonal eyepiece for ease in observing objects overhead, so that instead of twisting my neck and looking up I sat comfortably in a chair with my head in a natural position. The loneliness of the place oftentimes impressed me with a kind of dread, for I was out at all hours of the night. One night I sat thus observing Jupiter at about two o'clock in the morning. Happening to rest my eyes for a moment from the telescope, I was horrified to see two glaring, greenish-red balls of fire a few feet away in the obscurity of the bushes. Cold chills played up and down my backbone, and I was too frightened to move. These balls of fire came slowly toward me. A supernatural horror seemed to bind me to the spot as a nightmare holds one in its pitiless grasp. I could not have moved if I had known the foul fiend himself was behind those lights. Just at the point when I felt that I must collapse, as the hateful lights came close to me, I felt the warm touch of the tongue of some animal licking my cold hand; and in the obscurity I saw a great dog wagging his tail in a friendly manner. The relief was tremendous and a warm flow of blood seemed to infuse my veins. It proved to be a great and fierce bulldog belonging to my neighbor. This dog had always looked so savage, with his cruel teeth, that I had not attempted to cultivate his friendship. Why he had not attacked me in the darkness and what made him seek this friendship, I do not know; but from that time on he was my good friend and made it a habit to lie down near me every night that I was out observing. His friendship was a blessing, for I no longer felt the nameless dread of the night with his powerful form at my feet.

I have always been greatly interested in comets. These remarkable bodies, which sometimes sweep across the heavens with their wonderful trains of light, and which in all ages have been subjects of superstition and terror, are among the most interesting in the heavens. Little by little the mystery attached to them is being solved. This has been done mainly through the aid of photography. Much of the physical phenomena of the tails of comets is too faint to be seen with the eye, although it may be aided by a powerful telescope; but the photographic plate secures a permanent record of these in all their complexity and beauty. These photographs show that the form and other peculiarities of a comet's tail are often utterly transformed from night to night. It is therefore highly important that a continuous series of photographs should be obtained of every active comet that can be observed, for their phenomena is as evanescent as smoke itself.

In 1892, at the Lick Observatory, I was engaged in photographing a comet (Swift's) then visible in the morning sky just before daylight. Every morning's picture increased the interest and importance of the work. Unfortunately I had arranged for a lecture in the Normal School in San Jose for the night of May 6. I did not want to disappoint the people, and I certainly could not let the comet go by unphotographed. San Jose was nearly a mile below us in vertical height and twenty-seven miles distant by stage road. The only possible way for me to secure the photograph and not disappoint my audience was to return to Mt. Hamilton that night after the lecture. At ten o'clock I hired a horse and buggy in San Jose and drove up that lonely mountain road, the journey taking five hours, and arrived at the summit at three o'clock in the morning, in time to make

the photograph of the comet. The picture that I got proved to be a very important one, as the comet was then undergoing the most remarkable changes. I must say that there were a good many thrills passed over me during that lonely mountain ride in the dead of night—some for the chance that I might drive over into a canyon to death, and others for the possible interruption of my terrestrial existence through an encounter with some hungry, roaming mountain lion. In the main, the journey was a most impressive one. Alone in the mountains, with only the horse in front and my friends the stars above me, I doubt if my courage had not failed me entirely if the friendly stars had not encouraged me with their presence.

In the great dome of the Yerkes Observatory is placed the largest refracting telescope in the world. The tube of this instrument is about sixty-four feet long. In the farther end of this tube is placed the great object glass, forty inches clear in aperture. This lens alone cost $60,000. When one is looking overhead with this giant telescope, he must be at a point some thirty feet or more lower than when the tube is pointed toward the horizon. To avoid the use of a high ladder to reach the observing end of the telescope in its various positions, the floor of the dome itself is made into a giant elevator, sixty-five feet in diameter. The raising and lowering of this floor—which is done by electric motors—always keeps the observer in a convenient and safe position with reference to the eye end. This floor is suspended by heavy steel cables which go over wheels at the tops of four towers attached to the inside walls of the dome. The floor is counterpoised by heavy iron weights at the other ends of the cables. Within a little over a week after the completion of the instrument, and when we had seen through it only once or twice, the two south cables pulled out of their sockets and the floor fell through fifty feet to the ground and was destroyed. It was a terrible wreck. This was on the morning of May 29, 1897, at 6:30 o'clock. Mr. Ellerman and I had been working all night observing with the telescope. When we quit at daylight, we left the floor at its highest point for the convenience of some workmen who were to be at work on the tube in the morning. When the floor fell, there was not a soul in the building, and no one was injured. A couple of hours either way and death in all probability would have come to one or the other of us. Only a few nights before this accident the president of the University of Chicago and thirty or more trustees and prominent men of the university had seen through the telescope, and the floor had been up and down with them on it. If it had fallen then, a heavy loss of life would have been almost certain. A few days before that Mr. Clark, who made the great glass, had unpacked the forty-inch discs on the floor at its highest point, and had put them in the cell which he finally bolted to the end of the telescope. If the floor had fallen then, the great lens would have been destroyed, with the probability that no one would be able to make another, for Mr. Clark died within a few days after he returned to Cambridge. It was providential, then, that the floor fell when it did; for the fault in the attachment of the cables made it certain that it must soon have fallen.

But this is not the end of the story. When the floor fell, it lurched against the great iron pier of the telescope, and must have given it a violent blow. There was some fear that the great glass might have been injured by the shock. It was nearly a hundred feet up in the air, and could not be gotten at to see if it was safe. By climbing up on the dome (which is one hundred and ten feet high) and looking down at the glass, it was seen to be apparently uninjured. Still the test could only be made by examining the stars through it, which was not possible until the floor was replaced by a new one. Four months were occupied in taking out the wreck and putting in the new floor. There was great anxiety to see the sky through the glass, and the first night available it was turned to the stars. To our consternation there was a great, long flare of light running through every bright star we examined. This was so strong and conspicuous that it would make the instrument utterly useless. It looked as if the lens had been injured by the shock of the floor against the pier. We examined it in all positions of the instrument, but we could not get rid of this glaring deefct. As I had used the glass more than any one else before the accident, my statement that the defect did not then exist made the matter all the more serious. It was with heavy hearts that we waited for day to again critically examine the lens. The next day we all examined the great glass very carefully, but could see nothing wrong with it. Then Professor Hale noticed that just back of the glass in the tube was a thick mass of spider webs, stretched across the tube, all running in the same direction. Upon comparing notes we found that the direction of the spider webs coincided with that of the flare of light seen the night before. It seemed that a spider had evidently got in the tube before the object glass was put on by Clark, and had been unable to get out; for there was no opening in the tube. During the time the tube remained at rest, while the new floor was being put in, he had climbed up to the great glass in the direction of the light; and when he found his egress barred by the great window and as the days went by and he slowly starved to death, he spun his web, perhaps as a signal of distress, or maybe in the hope that some unlucky fly might get in through the glass that he could not get out of—anyway with the result that he caused several astronomers the most uneasy time of their lives; for when these webs were swept out by one of the astronomers climbing up in the tube with a feather duster, it was found that night, when the stars were examined, that the flare had vanished and the mighty glass was uninjured.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

What It Is Doing—Mrs. Sage's Offer.

Rev. John Fox, D.D., Secretary.

The American Bible Society has finished its ninety-second year of successful service to the American churches without debt and with good hope for the future. The aggregate of gifts to its treasury from the living has slightly increased, but there has been a very large decrease in its legacy receipts as compared with last year, so that as a whole its total receipts from all sources are less by $101,216.21.

The issues of the Society at home and abroad were 1,895,941 copies (Bibles, Testaments and Portions)—somewhat more than half of these from the Bible House in New York, and 906,710 through the Society's various agencies in Turkey, Syria, Siam, China, and Japan. This brings the total issues of the Society in 92 years to 82,316,323 copies.

Domestic Agencies.

The most outstanding fact in the recent history of the Society is the organization of several new Domestic Agencies intended to meet more fully the Bible needs of the United States. The first of these Agencies in order of time is that among the colored people of the South. Since 1901 the circulation through this Agency has been 118,154 copies

in all. The Rev. J. P. Wragg, D.D., of South Atlanta, Ga., a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is Agency Secretary.

The Northwestern Agency ministers to the needs of nine contiguous states, the Rev. J. F. Horton, a minister of the Presbyterian Church (North) being the Agency Secretary, with headquarters at Chicago, Ill.

The South Atlantic Agency covers six states on the South Atlantic seaboard, having its headquarters in Richmond, Va., the Rev. M. B. Porter, of the Presbyterian Church (South) being the Agency Secretary.

The Central Agency covers nine states, with headquarters at Denver, Colo., the Rev. S. H. Kirkbride, D.D., a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, being the Agency Secretary.

The Southwestern Agency covers four states, with headquarters at Dallas, Texas, the Rev. Glenn Flinn, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) being the Agency Secretary.

The Pacific Agency covers four states on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at San Francisco, Cal., the Rev. A. Wesley Mell, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, being the Agency Secretary.

These Agencies all together provide for Bible work in more than thirty states and territories. Besides these Agencies the Society co-operates with its own Auxiliary Societies, and also on the largest possible scale with individuals, churches, missionary and benevolent organizations of every class and kind. It has other similar plans for the future, recognizing that not only our native American population, but especially the immigrant influx now so vital a factor in our national life and "the exceptional populations," such as the Mormons, the Indians, and the Japanese and Chinese on the Pacific Coast, require prompt and thorough handling of its part. The American Bible Society would be ill named if it neglected America, and especially the United States of America. It conceives of itself as first of all a national organization, and although its headquarters are in New York, its field is first our own country and after that the world.

A Foreign Missionary Society.

It is therefore also a Foreign Missionary Society, fully recognized as such by the various boards of the different Protestant denominations. Without its fellowship and help the work of these boards would be crippled and in some cases stopped.

Missions and missionaries must have Bibles. Who will furnish them if the Bible Society does not? The missionaries count on it to aid them in securing translations and then in circulating them. In China, for instance, its official catalogue at Shanghai shows at least seventeen different Chinese versions in 400 editions, and it is now co-operating with other Bible Societies in the publication of three new Union Chinese Versions, as it has aided in paying the expense of making them. It has employed about 115 persons in distributing its books in China during the past year, where its total circulation for the year has reached 491,280 copies, making a total of 10,980,161 copies since this Agency was organized.

Recognizing this need, Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York City, has made a generous proposition to the Board of Managers, namely, that she will give $500,000 provided that during the calendar year ending December 31, 1908, the Society will raise a like sum of $500,000—the whole amount to be permanently invested and the income alone used for current work. This income would probably be $40,000 or $45,000 a year. The Board of Managers has accepted this offer with grateful appreciation, and set about raising the Society's share. It now remains for its friends and supporters, and for all who love the Bible and believe in it, to do what they can to help raise it.

All gifts should be sent to William Foulke, Treasurer, Bible House, New York.

A MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Theodore L. Cuyler.

Those that study John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (which is the best book in the English language after the Bible) must have noticed how many of his characters were at some time on the road to the Celestial City, and yet never got there. Poor Pliable retreats after one flounder in the Slough of Despond; Timorous is frightened back at the sight of the lions; and Demas gets engulfed in the pit under the hill Lucre. These characters have their counterparts in our churches in these days. I need not waste any words on such persons, for they were only sham Christians from the start; the vast number of beginners, who are in sincere earnest, I wish to remind of the solemn truth, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." There is no assurance that any others will be saved.

Since endurance to the end is essential to usefulness here and heaven herafter, the vital questions are: On what ground can any beginner in the Christian life hope to hold out to the end? What shall he do to insure his holding out? The charm of novelty soon wears off, and temptations assail everyone that sets foot on the straight and narrow path. Hindrances are encountered at every step, and hills of difficulty have to be clambered. The world gives him no help, except the help of its indifference or its open opposition; this last may do him good if he is of the right metal, for head winds fan the furnace of his engine. Inward lusts of some sort are to be encountered. Then, too, each individual has some hindrances and obsatcles that are peculiar to himself, such as unsympathetic associates, or fickleness of disposition, or social snares, or temptations in business, or the lack of spiritual surroundings and Christian privileges. The prevailing currents in this world do not set Godward; a resolute Christian has to swim up stream. Here, then, is the problem for every one of us: I must hold on to the end, or I am lost. To take one step toward heaven does not bring me there unless I go over the whole road. He that endureth to the end is the man that is saved; yes, and saves other souls, also.

It may be said that we have solid principles at the bottom, as Nathan Hale had the principle of patriotism when he went to the gallows as a martyr for his country, and Livingstone had the principle of holy zeal for souls when he went to die as a missionary in mid-Africa. All very true; but whence comes the principle? How is it to be maintained? When the novelty has died out, and when sharp temptations assail, and the load gets heavy and the road steep and rough, what power can keep you moving? Conversion is only a single step, a single process. A great, decisive step, indeed, a vital process. But conversion does not insure continuous growth and final victory, any more than enlistment in an army insures success in standing tough marches or stern encounters with the enemy. It insures no man's final salvation. The heart that is converted must be kept right, kept strong, kept faithful; the inward citadel over which floats Christ's ensign has got to be gar-

risoned and guarded. Who shall do this? The Christian must watch, you say. True enough; our Master has said, "I say unto you, Watch." Again he has commanded, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Yet all the watching in the world and all the praying and all the working cannot save you as long as you rely on them for salvation.

John Bunyan in his immortal allegory gives a fine figurative answer to the problem before us. He tells us that when his Pilgrim was in the Interpreter's house, he was led into a room where a fire was burning against a wall. A man stood by, pouring water on the fire; yet it burned up higher and hotter. Christian asks an explanation of the mystery. The Interpreter explains to him that the fire is the work of grace wrought in the soul; that the one that casts on the water is the devil, and yet the flame is only increased under the devil's drenchings. Christian is taken around to the other side of the wall, and there he discovers a person with a vessel of oil in his hand, who is constantly feeding the flame. "This person," says the Interpreter, "is Jesus Christ, who continually with the oil of his grace maintains the work already begun in the heart, so that, notwithstanding all that the devil can do, the souls of Christ's people prove gracious still."

A beautiful solution this; it is the same that Paul reached when he said that the Lord whom he had believed was able to keep that which he had committed to him. It is the same solution that Peter discovered when he declared that "we are kept by the power of God through faith, unto salvation." The power of God is the only source of your strength, and the only basis for your endurance to the end. This does not nullify free agency; and this gives you no pretext for saying, "If Jesus Christ takes care of me, I need have no care for myself." That is the devil's caricature of the doctrine of assurance. Observe that vital condition, "through faith." It is about equivalent to saying that God sends victory to a righteous cause through good generalship and hard fighting. Faith is more than a sentiment in this glorious text; it is an act. It is your soul's grip on your Saviour. Unless this fact is shown by good works and strenuous deeds of duty, and by godly living, then the faith is but a pious sham. The apostle of common sense, James, pungently says, "Faith without works is dead." The two together, faith and activity, are the parents whence spring all true and noble and fruitful lives. A blessed and beautiful partnership is this, my friend, between you and Jesus, you holding fast to Jesus, and Jesus upholding you by his mighty arm.

The fatal curse that works so much mischief in our Churches and mission work and reform movements is the want of hold-on-ativeness. Some teachers drop out of Sunday School, as soon as the novelty is off, or as soon as the pull grows heavy. Some ministers petition us to help them into another field; their present one is a "hard field;" they are trying to run when God is about to send the shower of his Spirit. It is the hard field that needs the plow and the harrow. A vast deal of all the Christian work in our land ends in a spasmodic spurt of short-lived enthusiasm, and the cause of all this fitfulness in feeling and failure in Christian effort is the lack of Jesus Christ in the core of the heart as the one almighty, all-enduring, and perpetual staying power to the end of the race. The runner that holds out has Christ's strength in his sinews; the soldier whose faith in Christ stands fire to the last shot is the one that wins the victor's crown.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for July 11: Life Lessons from the Gospel of John. John 14:1-21. (Consecration Meeting.)

However sublime in His nature, and transcendant in His character, God may be, He gives Himself as a satisfying reality to the simple faith of the humblest, in the person of Jesus. John 1:1-18 has never been equalled in presenting to us a God who so far surpasses all human conception that we cannot fully comprehend Him, yet is so entirely within our understanding that we can trust our all to Him implicitly.

Whatever testimony we have to give about the Saviour draws its strength from that contact with Him wherein He makes Himself known to us. The Baptist's testimony, as well as that of the five men who "abode with him that day," was of this character. 1:19-51. The fullness of life can never be appreciated until every relation is permeated with Christ's spirit, be it social (2:1-11), or religious (2:13-22). It is the business of every disciple to carry his Master into whatever phase of life he may be called on to touch. It is in the sanctifying of life's commonest interests that the glory of the Master is so conspicuous.

The great musician, Wagner, would take a few notes and produce a world's opera from them. Jesus took one thought and produced a world's salvation from it. The theme of redemption is John 3:16. The revelation of the Master is adapted to the individual. The Samaritan woman could not receive what Nicodemus did, but she could grasp the truth that the Saviour had come to save her from "All things that ever I did," and that great testimony opened the way for the Gospel to a whole village which became convinced that Christ was, not the Saviour of the Jews alone, but of the "whole world."

Because Jesus is the Life, He can do away with forms and systems. The Jews had reduced religion to a system, ceremonial, dogmatical. They could determine just what a man should subscribe to, and how much he could do on the Sabbaths, at the temple, even at his private devotions. Jesus drew out their enmity becasue He toppled their system over. It is true that life cannot manifest itself in this world without some form, it may be that of the gigantic forest monarch, or of the jelly-like Amoeba. And this is true of religion also. But the great trouble, even menace, in regard to religious systems is, that we pin our faith to the system. Thousands have fastened their faith on the Catholic system, thousands more on the Calvinistic system, and still other thousands on the Armenian system. One reason why so many are adrift, religiously, today, is because there has been, and is, a shaking of the system, and the foundations of their faith are tottering. Jesus offers Himself as the basis of faith. He does this because He is the Life, and Life is practically indestructible even in the physical realm. It transmits itself through the ages in a kind of immortality, assuming a thousand varying forms. Fasten your faith on Christ, not on the system, and nothing can molest or shake your faith.

There is certainty for the future of those who believe in Christ. Jesus was honest enough to say, "If it were NOT so I would have told you." There are many "abiding places" in the Father's house, and one of them is being prepared for each of us. But there is another side of this which is equally important. We are being prepared for the "abiding place." The work of the Spirit of Christ consists in thus

preparing us. All the twists, and quirks, of our natures, all the rough sides and pointed angles, all the unsightly stains of sin, and the hard knots of wrong habits, must be removed, and The Spirit is God's agent in accomplishing this. Let us therefore cultivate the presence of that Spirit.

THE DANGERS IN GROWING OLD.

H. S. BRADLEY.

Every period of life has its peculiar opportunities and temptations. To youth there is the opportunity that belongs to vitality, plasticity, development, and freedom from responsibility. When the physical and mental powers are approaching their flood tide there is much of buoyancy, aggressiveness, and self-confidence. The average boy has little care. He doesn't have to concern himself for food, clothes, or tuition, and his freedom from responsibility allows him to undertake things that maturer age denies.

But there is the corresponding temptation to thoughtlessness and carelessness. That which in youth is often charged to malice or meanness is due rather to thoughtlessness. This is bad enough, for it often brings much pain and mortification to parents and teachers. The very exuberance of animal spirit often leads to passionate excesses, too, for in young manhood the blood runs riot in the arteries.

Mature life has its opportunities. When its strength has been chastened, channeled, and objectified it produces results far outstripping in importance the discursive efforts of youth. Youth is like a young chrysanthemum full of buds; middle life, the pruned plant with one or two gorgeous blossoms.

But there is the corresponding temptation to cruelty and heartlessness. In my young manhood I was a teacher and had much to do with boys and young men, but I never saw among college or university students heartlessness that approached that of men of middle life. A young man will strain every nerve to distance a rival in generous competition and sometimes exceed all bounds of fairness in hazing an under-classman; but a mature man will deliverately squeeze a business competitor to death and bring poverty and suffering to wife and children.

Again, there is the danger that in the multitudinousness of the details of active middle life the ideals of youth will be smothered. As one of the opportunities of young manhood is to see visions, one of the dangers of middle life is that the visions will fade. The hurry, bustle, tedium, and drudgery of middle life are perilous to many lofty ideals. I have stood by many open graves and felt saddened by the sound of sobs and the sullen rumble of clods on the coffin lids, but the saddest thing I ever saw was a living man with dead ideals. God pity the man who has buried the visions of his youth! God pity the man whose ideals have been submerged by the sordid and the commonplace! God pity the man who is so thoroughly occupied with making a fortune that he allows his intellectual, aesthetic and spiritual nature to atrophy!

Old age has its advantages. It should be the period of greatest wisdom, clearest judgment, and serenest hope. I have known old people with whom it was a benediction to associate, from whom it was a delight to take counsel. Having learned much by experience and much more by observation, they had come to know the things that are worth while. It is a great thing to have mastered and outlived the temptations of youth and middle life and come to age with clear vision and clean conscience. What a blessing is memory to such a man! Its treasures are beyond the purchase of the world's gold. What a good companion to one's self is he who has stored his mind with gems of wisdom and laid up in his memory the treasures of kindly deeds and cheerful sacrifices! The man with the large bank deposit and broad acres is not the only rich man, however much we may envy him in our worst moments. Ripe age should be the time of mental and spiritual opulence.

But there are the corresponding temptations. Our ebbing strength tempts us to quit work too soon. Too often the question we ask ourselves is, "Have I enough to live on?" when it should be, "Have I served all I can?" It is often a mistake to think we can husband our wandering strength by quitting work. I have known some men scarcely past sixty years to commit slow suicide—and not very slow, either—by giving up their business. I do not mean that one should drudge forever. Often it is wise to turn over the hardest part of the work to younger men. But when one has done that he should not be idle. A competency should be regarded as an opportunity to devote one's self more largely to philanthropic and charitable enterprises. Idleness is worse for nerves and soul than hard service.

The old man is tempted to quit thinking. The Holy Spirit is still at work in the world, and is bringing truth to the attention of men every day; and no man can afford to close his mind till death closes his eyes. It is an easy step from shutting the mind to intolerance, and an intolerant old man is a hindrance to progress.

Old age is tempted to anxiety. When one feels his physical forces ebbing out, there is danger that he will take tighter grip upon the little material stuff that seems to him to stand between himself and want; and, fearing that he has not enough, or that some mischance may befall him, he grows anxious about what he shall eat or wherewithal he shall be clothed. Many old people who, as far as human providence can foresee are beyond the reach of want are afraid that they will yet die in the almshouse. Anxiety stands squarely over against trust in God, and too many of us lose faith here.

Closely related to the foregoing is the danger of covetousness. How many old people have you known that were generous? I never knew an old man to become generous. I have known some to maintain their generosity down to old age, but I never knew a man to develop generosity after he became old. I have known a greater number to grow more and more miserly as the years crept on.

There is a danger that age will bring with it a discouragement and despondency that will curdle into sourness. I have known some who, realizing that they would never be great in the world's eyes, have turned to carping, criticising, and fault-finding. They became sour-visaged, and mean-spirited. Thank God not all are like that! But I have known some of my fellows from whom I always ran away. Sometime ago I stood by a cage of monkeys in which there were one old monkey and several younger ones. If in their play the younger ones came near the old fellow, he scolded and bit them. He was out of sympathy with them, and they could do nothing to please him. He was a gray-headed scourge to everything about him.

God save us from a sour, whining old age! God help us to grow old gracefully and beautifully! I love little children; I love youth, with its rounded form and sparkling eye; I love the energy and power of mature manhood;

but the loveliest thing I ever saw is a sweet-faced old man or woman who moves about as a mellowed inspiration and benediction.

Among the Churches

Bowles.—The new church building is about half-finished. It is a fine building. Rev. Dunlap has done much good work here.

Etna Mills.—The enlarged church is proving very satisfactory. It is one of the finest and most convenient churches in Siskiyou county.

Black Diamond.—Rev. W. H. Cooke is supplying this church for the present. In the evening he continues to preach at Oakley, to the pastorate of which church he was recently called.

Porterville.—The new church is being found very usable. The enterprise is meeting the approval of large numbers of residents as well as visitors in this "Orange City." Rev. Bryant is a friend and companion of all his people, from oldest to youngest.

Angels' Camp.—Four members received into the Congregational church June 20th, and four children baptized. A collection was taken for the Sunday School and Publishing Society. The pastor, Rev. Doane, will take a vacation in July and will probably visit friends in the South.

Riverside, First Church.—On Tuesday evening, June 22nd, First Church, Riverside, dedicated a Branch church for the Japanese of Riverside. Dr. Wm. C. Pond came from San Francisco to have part, indeed to oversee the occasion. The new house was purchased at a cost of nearly four thousand dollars and fittingly crowns Mr. Pond's efforts in behalf of the Japenese in Riverside. The new building meets a double need, combining as it does a place of worship and a home for the Japanese. The service of dedication was largely attended by friends of the work. Dr. Pond, Rev. Horace Porter, pastor-elect of First Church, representatives of other churches and of the local Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., etc., had part in the dedicatory service.

Mount Hollywood, Los Angeles.—Seven children were baptized on June 13th, and a good collection taken for the C. S. S. & P. Society. The Sunday School had grown to 149 in session, with bright prospects for the future. We held our annual picnic at Playa del Rey Friday, June 18th, with 150 in attendance. Glorious day of sports, etc. Our superintendent, Mr. Fred A. Brown, assisted by our pastor, Rev. C. W. Howkins, kept something going on every minute of the day. Our lot is nearly paid for, and then we expect to build as soon as possible. We are meeting in a hall at present which is really too small for the number who want to come. The Sunday School children must vacate before the people can get in to service. Rev. Mr. Wright did a very good work, and Rev. Mr. Howkins has taken hold with both hands and brain for a successful future.

North Berkeley.—The church was filled last Sunday evening when the Odd Fellows and Rebeccas of Berkeley, with visitors from Oakland and Alameda, about 150 in all, met in their annual memorial services. The Canton was in full uniform and the others in regular regalia. The church was filled. Rev. Geo. H. DeKay preached from the texts, "If a man die shall he live again?" and "I am the resurrection and the life," and gave a strong sermon on "The Continuity of Life" to which the most earnest attention was given by the large congregation. He is a member of the order and had been requested by the lodge to preach. Mr. DeKay also preached in the morning, and will supply also next Sunday. The church is fortunate in having such a man upon whom to call for services. A Committee has been appointed for the purpose of seeking a new pastor, but little will be done until after the summer vacation season is over toward this end.

Berkeley, West Side Church.—Some of your readers may be interested to learn that the West Side Congregational Church is making, or has made, some progress. We are nearing the end of our second year together as pastor and people. During that time we have organized a Men's Club of twenty-five members, which meets regularly every month, and under the leadership of Dr. C. D. Lockwood has held some most interesting meetings. We have also organized a Young People's League, which has had a year of happy work and rendered some valuable services to the church. It has twenty members and meets every Sabbath evening. But perhaps the best thing the church has done the past year was to pay off a debt of $5,000, part of which it has owed for six years to the C. C. B. S. On May 27th a happy people met to sing and pray and rejoice as the mortgage was burned. The pastor has declined calls to Long Beach and Ontario and the church goes forward with renewed hope and courage. Very cordially yours, Jean Frederic Loba.

ORDINATION—LITTLE SHASTA.

Three hundred and seventy-five miles north of San Francisco by rail, looking southward toward Mount Shasta, is the well-watered valley of the Little Shasta—a valley of rich farms. Here in 1875 Rev. Roswell Graves, after a series of meetings, organized a Congregational church. For all these thirty-four years now this church has ministered to that valley, for most of the time the only church there. For several years prior to January 1st last no regular preacher had ministered here. The superintendent of our Congregational churches had appreciated the splendid qualities of some of our noble women, and believed their energy and devotion should be used in the Master's service. He spoke to one of the faithful pioneers of Little Shasta of this idea. Weeks later the church asked if they might avail themselves of such a woman. About the same time Mrs. Hettie F. Douglass wrote the superintendent asking if he could help her to some work in any of our churches as an assistant. She was told of Little Shasta and its needs. In December last she was approbated by the Bay Association and took up work at Little Shasta in January.

The needs of the field, the desire of the people, and, may we not believe, the Master Himself have led Mrs. Douglass to such ordination.

On Wednesday, June 23, Rev. E. Belle Luce of Etna, together with Miss M. Funk, a delegate, and Mrs. Willard, a friend, drove forty-five miles to the council called by the Little Shasta Church. Rev. Jesse L. Morain came from Cottonwood, one hundred and forty miles, and Supt. Rathbone. The council organized by electing Mr. Rathbone as

moderator and Miss Funk as scribe. Mrs. Douglass statement of Christian experience and belief was full and satisfying. These sentences may indicate the spirit of the whole. "I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. I do not understand the doctrine of the Trinity, but it is plainly taught in the Bible and I accept it as a partial description of what we know of God. It satisfies my mind and heart to think of God as my Father, God my Elder Brother, and God my Inspiring Friend." . . "As to my personal experience, I was born into the Kingdom and into the church, for which I am everlastingly grateful to my parents. As a child of the Heavenly Father, I have sometimes been willful, but His love has been wonderful to me. I never dreamed that the loving Father . . . could be to a human being what He has been to me the past two years. . . . I want to give him the best service that it is possible for me to give."

At the ordination service, Rev. L. D. Rathbone preached the sermon and extended the right hand of fellowship. Rev. E. Belle Luce offered the ordaining prayer. Rev. J. L. Morain gave the charge to the people.

Mrs. Douglass' work has endeared her to her people and has already been productive of much good. The Pacific trusts there may be more good women to follow in Mrs. Douglass' footsteps.

MEETING OF THE UPPER BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Upper Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers met in annual session at Antioch, May the 17th and 18th. After opening exercises, conducted by Rev. John A. Cull, pastor of the Antioch church, an interesting and profitable address was given by Rev. Chas. R. Brown on "Present Conditions in the Turkish Empire."

At the morning session on the 18th, the roll call showed nine churches represented out of a membership of twelve. Rev. Seneca Jones was elected moderator of the session, Rev. W. H. Cooke assistant moderator, and Rev. B. St. John scribe. Rev. A. W. Pulcifer was elected Registrar of the Association for two years. An interesting review of Dr. Van Dyke's book, "Out of Doors in the Holy Land," was given by Brother St. John of Benecia. The reports from the churches were encouraging. Antioch reported several additions to church membership as well as many improvements in the church property. Benecia reported seven additions. Rev. J. A. Hollars reported for Black Diamond and the new work established at Bay Point. Clayton was reported by brother Pulcifer as being very acceptably supplied by Mr. Goodwin, a student at the Pacific Theological Seminary. Crockett reported a possible church union, the Presbyterian church having asked Mr. Pulcifer to act as their pastor. Martinez reported eleven additions since the last communion, with increasing congregations. Oakley, under the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Cooke, reported their membership doubled in the past year. At Port Costa the Sunday School was reported as the most hopeful feature. Rio Vista was reported as being actively engaged in preparing to celebrate its fortieth anniversary. Suisun reported increasing morning attendance and the continued liquidation of the debt on the parsonage.

On recommendation Rev. Edmund Owens was received into membership by letter from the Congregational Association of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. A letter of dismissal, granted to Rev. Chas. C. Champlin ot the San Francisco Association, was ratified and confirmed. Rev. Seneca Jones of Suisun was elected a director to serve on the State Association committee in place of brother Scudder. Rev. B. St. John of Benecia was elected a committee of one to visit Pacific Theological Seminary. In the afternoon Rev. Seneca Jones, by special request, gave an address on "The Ultimate Religion," after devotional services conducted by Rev. Edmund Owens of Martinez. After a discussion of the work of the Church Building Society was presented by superintendent Wikoff, and the work of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society by superintendent Fisher.

Resolutions were adopted thanking the Antioch people for their hospitality, and after the reading and approving of the minutes the Association adjourned with the doxology and benediction.

The next meeting of the Association will be held at Crockett in November.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

At the Ministers' Meeting for San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. August Drahms read a paper on "Some Literary Works Essential to a Minister's Library." The following officers were chosen for the next six months: Rev. Griffith Griffiths, president; Rev. Noah C. Gause, vice-president; Rev. C. C. Champlin, secretary.

On account of the legal holiday the meeting next Monday, July 5th, will be omitted. On July 12th a paper will be read by Rev. Frank A. Bissell of San Lorenzo.

Rev. Alfred W. Hare will supply the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Oakland, during July, while the pastor is absent on his vacation.

CONCERNING THE WANING OF RELIGION IN NEW YORK CITY.

Speaking recently on "The Cause of the Waning of Religion in New York City," the Rev. R. P. Johnston, one of the Bapist pastors, found the chief reason for the unsatisfactory condition in the character of the population and the conditions of life. No churches in the world have had greater opportunities and none have had to fight harder for life than had those on Manhattan Island. There never had been a city of such heterogeneous character—a city with such a variety of races, faiths, philosophies, and ideals, and never had there been a city which grew so rapidly. This growth was not a natural increase, nor by people already imbued with American ideals and principles, but was due largely to the tide of immigration from the four quarters of the earth.

New York, Dr. Johnson said, was an aggregation of foreign cities, made up of colonies from every nation; these grow so rapidly that with all the splendid effort of school. press, and church, the city was not able to entirely assimilate them. They were Americans in nothing except their place of residence. Continuing, Dr. Johnston said there was a lot of sentimental nonsense on this subject.

"They say that you can see Italy, Greece, China and Palestine all here in New York. In reality what you do see is a mass of Italians divorced from the traditions and achievements of Italian art, religion, and history; certainly they are not Italy. You have Chinese without the high ideals and restraints of Confucius. Face the problem squarely. What is it? These people have for generations lived under the restraints of law, order, and tradition, which are suddenly thrown off. They are segregated and inac-

cessible. Here you will find the reason for the failure of the churches in New York. It is not a problem of any sect or creed, it is a religious one in its broadest sense."

After discussing conditions among the Jews and Catholics, Dr. Johnston continued:

Let us look at the Protestants, who are not greatly strengthened by immigration. We find their down-town churches surrounded by foreigners, and their up-town churches surrounded by Jews. The well-to-do Protestants are moving to the suburbs, leaving the poor to support the work. The church has no endowment, and not enough workers to meet the needs. People say to me, Why does not Mr. Rockefeller endow the churches? I answer that God will have infinitely more respect for the Baptists if they, instead of whining and begging continually of one man, will themselves do some real work and make a few sacrifices. No Protestant church can live in the poorer sections of this city by depending upon those it brings into its fold from other fields.

Protestantism has made little headway among the French, Austrians, Spaniards, Poles, Hungarians, Russians, and Greeks. It is from these countries that most of our immigrants come. The prospect is enough to give any Protestant church heart failure. A Protestant church in New York has to work harder to keep alive than churches do in other parts of the country to make great progress. Then add to the above the consideration which brings most people to America. In the early days men came here to find a religious and political asylum. Liberty was their nature and their watch-word. Today the vast majority are moved from considerations of material gain.

THE HOME

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

If I could teach you to be neat, John, you would be a model husband," sighed Mrs. Robinson as she wearily seated herself in the rocker and looked about the untidy room.

"What is the trouble with me, dear?" inquired the Reverend John, holding a pair of faultless hands. "I had a shave this morning, my coat though shabby and worn is spotless and well-brushed, my hair has just been combed, and—"

"Oh, you know I think you're all right," laughed his wife. "For many years I have had a failing in that direction. It is simply your disorderly habits to which I object. Just look at these books and papers all over the room. In a little while, an elder or deacon, or trustee, or some parishioner, will be calling to see you, and when they behold this general state of untidiness they will go away pitying then their poor, dear pastor because he has so careless a wife," and though the sentence ended with a laugh there was a serious note in her voice which showed her speech was not all jest.

"There are only a few books and papers I have been reading, dear," answered her husband half-apologetically. "Those over there I used for next Sunday's sermon, and this pile are some I was showing Fred this morning."

"Oh, well, now Fred is here I suppose I must make the best of it and make up my mind to put away things for you both, unless he has learned to have a place for everything and everything in its place," answered Mrs. Robinson wearedly, as she turned to carry out an overflowing scrap-basket.

At the door she met her husband's younger brother, who had just been under discussion and who was spending his college vacation with the good pastor and his wife.

"Let me take that for you, Nannie," he exclaimed. "I fear John and I have made a great litter, but he was so busy giving me points on how to make old sermons appear new that we entirely forgot all about the books and papers, we were so freely scattering about. We must try to reform."

Fred returned the empty scrap-basket to its place and then went for a walk with his brother.

Mrs. Robinson set the room in order and then wearedly took up her work-bag, remarking to herself, "I'll just sit down here and try to finish my shawl. It is so nearly done that if I don't have any interruptions I can have it done for Martha's birthday without the least trouble." So she knitted steadily away. But in vain were her hopes to have freedom for herself that day. The click of the needles was soon stopped by the appearance at the door of Jennie, her general housemaid.

"Oh, Mrs. Robinson, is it here you are? I've been looking everywhere for you. Mrs. Vernon is down stairs, and wants to see you awhile if you're in, and if you're out, Mr. Robinson if he's in."

Mrs. Robinson smiled at the curious ins and outs of this sentence, as she replied: Oh, I am sorry Mrs. Vernon should have been kept waiting. Tell her I'll be there immediately."

And dropping her knitting into the scrap-basket, the nearest receptacle, Mrs. Robinson hurried to her waiting caller. Mrs. Vernon was an old friend who had been long kept at home by illness in her family, so as they had much to talk of the time passed quickly to the two ladies. When Mrs. Vernon's departure was made, Mrs. Halstead, the chairman of the entertainment committee from the ladies' aid society, dropped in to talk over the coming oyster supper with the president of the society, before she called a meeting of her committee. Mrs. Robinson was accustomed to interruptions, so she listened patiently and gave pertinent advice on how best to extract money for the Lord's cause from the pockets of His people. A member of Mrs. Robinson's Sunday School class with a sad tale of misfortune kept that lady the remaining few minutes of the afternoon. And after she had dismissed the girl with words of cheer and comfort she ran into the kitchen to help Jennie give the final touches to their evening meal.

"Has Mr. Robinson come in yet, Jennie?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Robinson, he and Mr. Fred came in a while ago. They came in the side door and went right to the study. And I guess they are hungry by the way Mr. Fred's been running in and out."

"Poor dears, I'll run right up and speak to Mr. Robinson just as soon as I finish this. Then you can serve up the dinner and we'll have it right away," said Mrs. Robinson, as she bustled about the kitchen.

It was the custom of this busy, happy household to save all the interesting news of the day's happenings, all the cheerful, pleasant bits of gossip, every amusing incident, for repetition at meal-time. And in accordance with this habit, as soon as they had all fairly started at dinner Mrs. Robinson began an account of her afternoon.

"Just after you and Fred started out this afternoon Mrs. Vernon came to call. Edna is gradually getting better, so Mrs. Vernon felt free to leave her. I did so enjoy seeing

her, and we had a real good time together. She inquired for you dear, and wished to be remembered to you," added Mrs. Robinson, addressing her husband.

"Mrs. Vernon's back was hardly turned before Mrs. Halstead came. She is full of ideas about the oyster supper. Mr. Halstead has found a place where he can get the oysters at a great reduction. She has some new schemes and she thinks we will make a nice sum for the mortgage fund."

"Well, you surely had no time to miss Fred and me," said the Reverend John with a laugh.

"No, I didn't," agreed his wife, "for Mrs. Halstead had been gone only about five minutes when Edna Lockwood appeared. She has lost her position and thought perhaps we could help her to get another."

"Poor girl, what has she done now? If she would pay attention to her work she would help herself more than anything we can do for her," said Mr. Robinson.

"That was the trouble, she made a mistake in an important letter, and Mr. Dunham said he would not overlook it again. But I told her John that I would ask you to see Mr. Dunham. Perhaps he will give her one more trial."

"What rash promises you do make for me, my dear, but of course I'll have to make your word good," was the indulgent answer.

"Had you any other callers?"

"No, that was the last. And now do tell me of your afternoon."

"We really haven't much to tell," replied Mr. Robinson. "We took a walk to Mercer, went down along the river and up the hill road home. We met Brother Grey, and he told us of a new family who have moved into town. He hopes we will call, and for Fred's benefit he added there are two charming young ladies in the family. Fred simply thanked him and never explained that the best girl in the world lives in Princeton."

"It wasn't necessary, was it Fred? Have you no adventures to relate?"

"No, Nannie, as John says we just walked along, sometimes we compared real nature stories with those of the nature fakirs. But the part of our forenoon, of which I am proudest, and which will, I think, be most interesting to you, is what occurred after our return. John and I had out a lot of books, and they, with the papers scattered all about when I happened to think of what you told us yesterday about having a place for everything and everything in its place. So I said to John, 'There isn't the slightest reason why we should leave all this for Nannie. Let us put it away.' So we did clear it up nicely. I even emptied the scrap-basket."

"Emptied the scrap-basket?" cried Nannie in dismay. "Oh, Fred, what did you do with it?"

"I took the contents of the basket and a lot of old papers down to the furnace and had a rousing fire."

"Oh and you've burned Cousin Martha's shawl."

"Why Nannie, what do you mean? Cousin Martha hasn't been here, and I am sure if she were now in the house her shawl would never be in the waste-basket, as she believes as firmly as you in the merit of a place for everything and everything in its place."

"Oh Fred, don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson in such evident distress that both men looked at her in surprise. "That was just it. The shawl wasn't in its place. It was that one I've been working on so long. I had it almost done for Cousin Martha's birthday next week. I was sitting in the study for a few minutes with it this afternoon when Jennie told me Mrs. Vernon was here. I didn't like to keep her waiting, so instead of putting my knitting into its place, I laid it in the scrap-basket."

"That is too bad, dear, and I am so sorry, Nannie," exclaimed the men in the same breath. The tone of each was sympathetic, but there was an amused twinkle in Mr. Robinson's gray eyes, and a suspicious pucker about the mouth of the young collegian.

"You see it was this way, Nannie. I thought that basket filled itself up very quickly, but knowing your orderly habits I never dreamed there was anything in it worth saving."

Mrs. Robinson's sense of humor rarely failed and this case proved an exception. With half hysterical laughter, she murmured: "Of course I am very sorry about the shawl, but it does seem too funny that I should be caught in the very fault for which I had scolded you men."

"Yes, and just when we were trying to act on your good advice," added Fred.

"All of which goes to prove," summed up the good clergyman, "a statement which you may have heard before that it is far easier to preach than to practice. And I ought to add that the shawl was discovered in time to prevent its destruction."

"John, you are a dear if you are a tease."—Margaret Boyle in New York Observer.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

By J. W. Foley.

Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue;
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries,
And her friends, they are few, oh, so few!
And her dolls, they are nothing but sawdust and clothes;
Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,
And everything's criss-cross—the world is askew,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Now true,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay;
She isn't a shirk,
For she smiles at her work
And romps when it comes time for play.
Her dolls, they are princesses, blue-eyed and fair;
She makes them a throne from a rickety chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way;
I'd sooner be Little Miss Busy-all-day
And stay
As happy as she is, at work or at play,
I say.

Young People

WASHINGTON'S ADVENTURE.

"Tell me something to play, Howard,—do tell me something to play," begged Norman of his big brother, who was studying his history lesson.

"Play that you are General Washington taking his soldiers across the Delaware River to attack the Hessian soldiers. I have just been studying about that, and I think

it would be a good game. This is just the kind of weather to play that, too, for it all happened on a bitter cold night when the river was full of great blocks of ice that bumped against the boats and almost crushed them."

"That will be a good game," agreed Norman. "I'll borrow mamma's little cake-pans and use them for boats, and I'll put my tin soldiers in the boats, and they can use spoons for oars. My blocks will do for the blocks of ice that almost crush the boats, and this rug shall be the river," and then he went downstairs for the cakepans and spoons.

"This is a very cold night, general," said mamma. "I am afraid that your men will suffer a great deal."

"Madam," answered Norman, solemnly, "a soldier must think of neither heat nor cold. He must think only of his country."

The soldiers were brought out and formed in line, and then at the order "Forward," which Norman called in a loud voice, they entered the boats.

"Forward, march!" Norman again shouted; and the soldiers, with their spoon-oars, started across the river. Oh, how bitter, bitter cold it was, and how those dreadful blocks of ice did push up against the little boats! But the soldiers were very brave, and Gen. Washington shouted, "Forward!" to them a great many times, and they didn't give up, although it was very cold.

"We must move very quietly," the general said, "so that the enemy does not hear us coming. It is much too dark for them to see."

The soldiers rowed through the dark night, and at last they were across the dreadful river.

"Land!" cried the general, softly.

"Form in line!" he next commanded, and soon all the soldiers were standing in line in front of the town in which the people were still asleep. The day before had been Christmas, and the German soldiers had eaten a great deal of supper and gone to bed late, so they were very sound asleep now. They did not dream that Gen. Washington and his men were so near. Everything had been very still among them when suddenly—what was that! They heard the bugle blow. Sleepy and frightened, they jumped from their beds, but it was too late. General Washington and his brave men were already among them, making prisoners of them.

"Ah, if we only hadn't gone to bed so late and slept so soundly!" they groaned, but they should have thought of that before.

Maybe they would have been more careful if they had been fighting for their own country, but they had been hired by the English to help them.

"We have a thousand prisoners, gentlemen," said Gen. Washington when he had time to talk to his officers, "and only three of our men are lost, one killed, and two frozen. We have had a great victory."

And, when Norman had put his soldiers away, he thought he had had a great, good time.—Elizabeth Roberts Burton, in Sunday School Times.

SOLOMON.

Claire was sitting up in bed waiting for the doctor. She had been sick for a fortnight, but now was almost well again. Dr. Bell was down in the hall talking with her mother, and in a minute they would both come upstairs to her. Sometimes the doctor brought her a little gift. Yesterday it was a nest of three pretty pill boxes. She wondered if he would have anything for her today.

The door opened, and in came Dr. Bell, a puffed-out paper held carefully in one hand.

"You never could guess what I've brought you," he said. Then he put the paper on the bed, and uncovered the wretchedest specimen of a little black crow that ever you saw.

"O-o-h!" cried Claire.

"I found him by the side of the road over on the mountain," said the doctor. "I knew he would die there, for he isn't old enough to fly, so I thought I'd bring him to you. If he lives, he'll make you a fine pet, though he isn't very handsome at present."

"Oh, I shall just love him, I know I shall!" Claire exclaimed delightedly.

Master Crow cocked a bright eye up at her in a way to make them all laugh, and Dr. Bell said—

"Oh, I shouldn't wonder if he turned out to be a regular Solomon for wisdom!"

"I'll call him Solomon!" cried Claire. "Wouldn't that be a good name?"

And so Solomon it was.

The bird grew fast, both wise and handsome, and by the time Claire was quite well her pet was able to fly. At first there was talk of clipping his wings; but the little girl could not bear to have it done, so he was left to use his beautiful wings to fly away with if he chose. But Solomon did not choose. Occasionally he would be gone for hours; but he was sure to come back at dusk, and rap on the window with his strong bill. On being admitted, he would utter a joyful "Caw! caw!"

Once Claire looked out in the yard to see Solomon talking to a whole flock of crows, and she trembled lest he should be coaxed away; but her pet had no idea of leaving his home, and after awhile the strangers departed.

Solomon was fond of anything bright, and the family had to keep their coins out of sight. Occasionally they wanted extra milk, so they set a pail out on the steps, dropped the pennies in, to pay for the milk, and put on the cover. Once or twice the money was missing, and then naughty Solomon was caught carefully taking off the pail cover and grabbing the coins.

All the neighbors knew Solomon, and he paid them frequent visits; but, whenever he was not wanted, all they had to do was to say, "Go home!" and off he would fly at once.

Claire missed him one day, and wondered what had become of him. He did not appear for dinner or supper. At bedtime he had not come, and she feared her pet had gone forever. The next night he was still away; but before she went to sleep she heard his familiar "Caw! caw!" and she jumped up to open the window. But such a Solomon! His feathers were rumpled, and his tail was gone!

Where he had been nobody has ever found out, but for days he seemed afraid to leave the house. Now he always returns home by nightfall, and Claire looks forward to having Solomon for a pet for fifty years to come.—Emma C. Dowd, in Zion's Herald.

The Council of the Empire, in Russia, has adopted the marine budget and has restored an appropriation of $1,700,000 for four battleships which had been rejected by the Douma.

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